

**THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER,** besides rendering the food more palatable and wholesome, is, because of its higher leavening power, the most economical.

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the Royal Baking Powder to be of greater leavening strength than any other.

—Bulletin 13, U. S. Ag. Dep., p. 599.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

#### MEMORIES.

The summer sun is sinking now,  
The western sky is all aglow,  
As wand'ring through the meadow paths,  
The silent shadows come and go;  
The meadows where, in childish glee,  
I gathered flowers or chased the bee.

I bend and pluck a daisy fair,  
While tears my eyes are filling fast,  
For memory comes, with silent step,  
And lifts the veil that hides the past,  
While backward roll the bygone years,  
So fraught with sorrow, joy and tears.

I see myself, a slender youth,  
So full of plans for coming years,  
As slowly home I drove the cows,  
Naught knowing of life's cares and fears,  
But longing much the world to see  
And planning all that I would be.

Oh, eager, hopeful, trusting heart!  
You did not know life's lonely way,  
Or, even when earth's laurels were,  
How quick they faded at close of day  
While I would be a youth again,  
So free from heartache, care and pain!

—Julia Wood in Good Housekeeping.

#### How Loosha Cured Him.

The elderly married porter who looks after Middleclass flats has never repeated the daring act of unlawful cohabitation which was visited with such summary retribution by our dragon of domestic virtue. It happened, if I remember, when the miniature lift dedicated to the tradesmen's parcels and coal scuttles went wrong—stuck four feet below the level of our landing and refused to budge. So, with the intention of ascertaining the nature and extent of the local complication, Jellams got into it, Loosha having ventured to lighten his labors with conversation and a composite candle. Alas for the frailty of mankind!

Then it was that, undeterred by the fear of scolding groans or boiling indignation, our porter attempted to wrest a kiss from the lips that were near. And as the indignant Loosha thumped him on the head with the candlestick the temporary mechanical obstruction yielded to the impulse of outraged virtue, and the porter, with one wild cry, shot swiftly downward and disappeared. He arrived ultimately in the coal cellar to the relief of our handmaid, who had awful visions of his sticking in the shaft and suffocating slowly, with blood-curdling groans, while masons were pulling down the building to get at him.—St. James Gazette.

**A Youngster's Fears of Bears.**  
To draw upon my own recollections, my childhood was haunted by bears. They were not bears out of books, so far as I can remember, but a childish formula for the dark unknown which is apt to frighten every little stranger who comes into the world with great words of mystery. Many an hour have I lain awake in an ecstasy of trembling lest the sonorous breathing of the sister asleep at my side should be loud enough to rouse the dire beasts from their lurking places.

Yet these hours did not "bitter my infancy," nor do they now in retrospect cause me poignant grief. What does shame me is the remembrance of other hours of that same period when I was trying to adjust my emotions and actions to an agreement with those of the particular heroine out of fiction who happened to be my nearest acquaintance at the time.—Atlantic Monthly.

**Carefulness About Water.**  
It is difficult to make everybody careful in regard to the use of drinking water, but comparatively easy to make the principles of hygiene generally known. Some persons dislike pure water because it is cold. Others find it lacks in flavor. In some instances impure water is preferred, as in that of the baker—the bacteria in the water uniting with those in the yeast and producing rapidly the desired lightness. Does any one in America ever trouble himself about the quality of water used in making his bread, or of that in the so-called mineral waters he drinks, or is he strenuous in regard to the quality of the ice furnished him, which even when comparatively clear often abounds in microbes? Bad water is often the cause of epidemic typhoid fever.—San Francisco Chronicle.

**Explosive Force of Lightning.**  
The explosive power is one of the foremost qualities exhibited by the electrical discharge. When the fluid happens to meet with some obstruction in its course it frequently evinces its dissipation by shattering the nonconducting object, exercising a radiating force like a bombshell and bursting substances asunder as if they had been charged with gunpowder. Many years ago the southwest pinnacle of the church of Breog, in Cornwall, was shattered by a stroke of lightning, and one stone weighing three hundredweight was hurled southward over the roof to the distance of sixty yards, while a second was sent to the north for the space of 400 yards and a third was projected in a southwesterly direction.—Chambers' Journal.

#### Heartrending.

Lobengula—Do you know that the bearded lady died last night?  
Young Man—A friend of the Soap—Yes, I heard about it. It's awful sad. She left a wife and three children.—Life.

#### Why They Took No Paper.

A canvasser while in Washington, Me., was surprised to find six successive households in which no newspapers were taken, and upon calling at the next house asked the reason, and was informed that not a member of the six families could either read or write.

#### Faults versus Virtues.

Mr. Sobrally—Women are a perfect nuisance to sit behind on a railroad train. They are bound to have the window up.  
Mr. Citimann—Yes, but they are a perfect blessing to walk behind on the street. They don't smoke.—New York Weekly.

#### HE HAD A FAULT.

But Compared with His Virtues It Was a Very Small One.

"You can talk all you want to about faithfulness and steadfastness to duty," said an old army captain to a number of listeners, "but when it comes to being true to a trust, the colored race takes the blue ribbon every time. During the war," he continued, "a slave came to my headquarters and begged me to let him stay and make himself generally useful and act as my private body guard. Well, I didn't need the fellow, but I sort of took pity on him and let him remain, and I was always very kind to him, for he would do anything I told him to, no matter how much of an effort it cost him.

"He was pretty handy as a forger and never seemed to have much trouble in locating a hen roost. We always had chicken to eat if there was any in the country. I remember one time I told him to go out and get me some poultry. He said, 'All right, massa,' and started off. Morning came and he failed to return. A week had passed and I saw nothing more of him. I felt sure he had grown tired of camp life or had been captured or killed. But one morning he came into camp with two turkeys. He looked ragged and worn, and as he threw down his burden he said: 'Thar, massa, is yere blame ole chickens. Them rebs got 'tween me an' de lines an' made me trabble 'bout foah hund' miles to get yeh.'

"At another time I had stored some valuable in my tent, and on starting out with a skinning party I told my colored man not to allow any one to enter the tent. We had no more than got away when the enemy rode into camp and took everything except my tent, which my negro defended against the whole army, and all because I have thought since that if I had only told him to go out and put down the rebellion he would have done so. I had become very much attached to him, when one time he went with me on a secret reconnoitering trip.

"My horse had been shot from under me and I was riding a mule. We reached a thick clump of bushes when I dismounted and told him to hold my mule till I returned, and started away on foot. I had gone some distance through the woods when I saw several Confederates between me and where I had left my mule. My safety demanded that I hurry still further on to another thick growth of timber. The enemy seemed to be following me, and I kept going forward until finally I reached camp just before the opening of a severe battle. We were forced to fall back, and during the night started on a long march. I had but little doubt that my negro and mule had fallen into the enemy's hands. I never saw either of them again during the war, and after it was over I came home.

"Twenty-five years later I took a trip south and visited the old battle ground where I found the same dense cluster of brush and trees, where in the midst of which I had left my negro with instructions to hold my mule until I returned. And, although it was no more than I had a right to expect of him, I will confess I was amazed to find him standing there the skeleton of that negro, his bony fingers clutched the strap to which was attached the skeleton of a mule.

"Just the instant I said, 'There, Jefferson, you needn't hold the mule any longer, both the skeletons fell in a heap and I threw a few leaves and some dirt over the bones, and, turning away with tears in my eyes, I said: 'How seldom do we see such fidelity to duty.' But, notwithstanding that negro's good qualities, he had his fault. He would lie. Do the best I could to get him to tell the truth, but I've often thought if he could have associated with me till the end of the war it might have made a different man out of him."—Chicago Times.

**Scarcabius, Egypt's Sacred Beetle.**  
Scarcabius, the gold beetle of the lower Nile, has been worshipped, petted and feared by several benighted sects of Egypt since the time "when the mind and history of man runneth not to the contrary." Like the other sacred creatures of idolatrous countries, several mythical fables are woven around this entomological rarity.

The number of its toes, thirty, were supposed to symbolize the average number of days in a month. On each new moon day it deposited a ball containing 360 eggs, which the Egyptian priests asserted, their followers believed, and the number of days of the month, the brilliant golden color of the ball itself this curious beetle was declared to be of but one sex, the male, but modern investigation has exploded that one myth at least.

In connection with the Egyptian nations the Gnostics, as well as some of the early Christian fathers, speak of Christ as the scarabæus and symbolize him as a man with a beetle's head. The Egyptians always embalmed this sacred insect.—St. Louis Republic.

#### The Tears Were Arranged.

It will be remembered that when Jumbo was originally taken from the London zoological garden he displayed great unwillingness to leave his companion, Alice, who figured in the episode, and great compassion was excited by the evidence of the elephant's affection. A Mr. Gaylord, who was with Barnum when Jumbo was bought, says that it was all arranged; that when Alice was taken away from Jumbo, she was given the desired effect of feeling. When it was time for him to leave and his car was ready he got the order to lie down, and down he went, and the populace wept at the thought of the elephant's unappiness. When he was told to come away he came.—New York Sun.

A curious incident occurred at Hecla, N. Y., on the other day. One of the workmen on the lighthouse accidentally let go of his wheelbarrow, which rolled down the cliff, over rocks, a distance of 250 feet, into the ocean, and was a few days later picked up on the beach, ten miles this side of Hecla, in perfect good order.—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### Antiquity of Glass.

Glass, as far as research has been able to determine, was in use 2,000 years before the birth of Christ, and was even then not in its infancy. In the state collection at the British museum there is the head of a lion molded in glass bearing the name of an Egyptian king of the eleventh dynasty.

#### A Funeral in Chili.

In this queer country there is a funny side even to funerals. The other day a crowd of people attracted to the window, and what do you think I saw? A mahogany bedstead (peasant) carrying on his head and outstretched hands a plank about five feet long and on the plank a dead child. The little corpse was that of a girl apparently about five years old. It was dressed in a short frock of red calico, the legs inclosed in coarse white hose "no world too wide for the shrunk shank," no shoes, the jet black hair smoothly braided and crowned by a jaunty wreath of paper roses and the cheeks horribly daubed with vermilion to simulate the hue of health.

The plank bearer was closely followed by two women, evidently the mother and grandmother of the deceased, and they walked with an air of conscious importance, as becomes those who have furnished orange tinsel to "another little angel," as here a dead child is universally called, to swell the heavenly host. Behind the women marched two men, playing with might and main, one on a fiddle, the other on a guitar, each intent on a tune of his own regardless of the other's performance, and the rear was brought up by a dozen or more laughing and chattering men, women and children. Behind the whole was a doubtful evidence of unwise generosity on somebody's part in the way of chicha, the Chilean low class intoxicant.

They were on the way to the Pantheon to enter the "little angel," over whom they had been dancing and drinking for several days, and which possibly had been lent once or twice in the meantime to friends who were not so fortunate as to have a corpse in the family.—Valparaiso Letter.

#### Where the Colonel Had Him.

Colonel Sterrepp is a newspaper man and a great reader. He was in the States not long ago he met a young fellow who beat him out on a question of Biblical history and the colonel sought to get even.

"That boy of yours," he said to the young fellow's father, "is a bright one, but I guess I'down him."

"He didn't," replied the father with a good deal of curiosity.

"Well, I went home after he flaxed me out on that Biblical point and read up on the Peloponnesian war—did you ever hear of the Peloponnesian war?"

"The fact is," said the colonel, "and the colonel looked disgruntled and angry."

"And," he resumed, "I came at him on the next time I had a chance and, by thunder, sir, he told me he had not only heard of it but had studied about it in his school. Say, did you ever hear of the Peloponnesian war?"

"The old gentleman confessed that he had, and the colonel looked hurt."

"Yes," he went on; "he not only said that, but he asked me if I knew that Lincoln had got some of the ideas of his famous Gettysburg speech from the orations delivered on that war, and that's where I had him," exclaimed the colonel with a broad smile of triumph.

"How?" inquired the father.

"Why, sir," and the colonel's face glowed, "I know all about that county in Illinois where Lincoln said his famous speech, and there's a man in it ever heard of the Peloponnesian war."

The colonel's argument was irresistible and the father had to confess it.—Detroit Free Press.

#### Increasing Longevity.

"The threescore and ten years allotted to man will yet be increased," was the boast of a man, "I was the prediction made by Dr. Charles Hinkle. 'Instead of the old axiom puts it, it is growing wiser and stronger. The average length of life is steadily increasing. In the days of good times, thirty and forty years ago, the average of life was only thirty and thirty, and men distinguished themselves in statecraft, science or literature after passing five and sixty. Now a woman is in the heyday of her beauty at thirty, and the ripest fruits of genius are frequently plucked at three-score and ten. The average length of life is steadily increasing. In the days of good times, thirty and forty years ago, the average of life was only thirty and thirty, and men distinguished themselves in statecraft, science or literature after passing five and sixty. Now a woman is in the heyday of her beauty at thirty, and the ripest fruits of genius are frequently plucked at three-score and ten. 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